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# ARAH FOSTER TATE IN BONDAGE



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AN AUTHENTIC BONDAGE ENTHUSIAST



# SARAH FOSTER TATE IN BONDAGE

NUMBER 2

HARMONY COMMUNICATIONS — CELEBRATING THE  
PSYCHOLOGICAL POWER OF THE BOUND BEAUTY WHOSE  
“LOVE BONDAGE” IS AS MUCH FOR HER PLEASURE AS OURS.

SARAH FOSTER TATE IN BONDAGE NUMBER 2, NOVEMBER 1984

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## THE HARMONY PHILOSOPHY

What is most discouraging to us about this business are the prevailing social misconceptions concerning bondage, at least the benevolent, romantic type of bondage that we produce. For the unenlightened, what we represent and advocate really needs to be clarified. In that spirit, the following general explanation is at least a start.

It has never been nor will it ever be our purpose to depict women as mere subordinates to men. These pictures and articles are not about that. The materials we produce are carefully and, we think, obviously designed for men and women to whom bondage is an important *mutual* diversion, a recreational and benevolent experience, a fantasy with a happy ending, a good-natured game in which everybody wins.

It is not the pleasure of our patrons nor our intention to offend or demean or abuse or exploit or disadvantage, be aggressive against, or cause even the slightest pain to our models, or to suggest that such is occurring to the ladies they are portraying. We do not characterize victims; we characterize *lovers* who are mutually involved in a complex and bizarre, but highly stimulating personal activity. The taste we reflect is *mutually* exciting and pleasurable — the bondage can be for the sake of sexual teasing or foreplay; or the acting out of a benign rescue fantasy with slightly juvenile undertones; or just the sweet and secret, simple sharing of a very special physical intimacy between caring persons. Whichever of these it is, we have characterized it on our pages as “Love Bondage.”

While we cannot police the motives and psyches of our customers, we can and do shape our materials for completely benevolent natures only — either the adult who was imprinted during adolescence by the thrilling and heroic adventure story rescue of a bound and gagged and ultimately loving female, or the male or female adult whose basic nature identifies with the female in bondage and craves to personally experience those same offbeat sensations for either deeply psychological reasons, or, to state this in the simplest possible terms, *because it actually feels good*, safe and comforting even. He or she is wrapped up tightly and snugly, there is a feeling of being protected, and the rope becomes surrogate for a

protective lover's arms. It is to please and satisfy those two natures, and they alone, that we create these visual fantasies.

Conversely, those persons in search of darker, less pleasant bondage themes must look elsewhere, for there is really nothing for them here. Our materials are just not for people who enjoy scenes of human mistreatment. If such people do show up on our mailing list from time to time, they certainly have no reason to linger, since what they are seeking is probably the exact spiritual opposite of what we have to offer.

Good drama does not exist without conflict, and there will necessarily be the blending of bondage with actual danger in some of the text fiction that we publish. But these situations will be so obviously far-fetched or tongue-in-cheek that they are clearly not to be taken any more seriously than a comparable paperback tale or television episode containing the same elements. But in all of the photos that we present, be they from contributors or our own associates, the woman is there willingly, even gladly, and for her own reasons. Were she not, we would not publish the picture.

Therefore, the bondage that is dramatized here is an essentially gentle act used by lovers to intensify their physical and spiritual closeness. She gets to belong utterly to someone she loves, and to be adored for what he perceives as the prettiness of her dependency on him. She has surrendered for him that part of her independence she *doesn't* want. Theirs is completely a mutual act of trust, love, appreciation of themselves and each other. They are fortune-blessed soulmates who have found themselves and each other. And the readers who look on perceive her bondage as physically and spiritually pleasing to her — she knows that it has more to do with being wanted than abused. Were that not the case, we would ourselves be offended.

Our bondage has absolutely nothing to do with demeaning anyone. It is totally and utterly a bilateral activity, and, were it not, we wouldn't have anything to do with it.

HARMONY COMMUNICATIONS





She began to feel her body, grew aware of bindings on wrists and ankles, a gag in her mouth. She was on her side, hands tied behind her. She tested the bindings,...

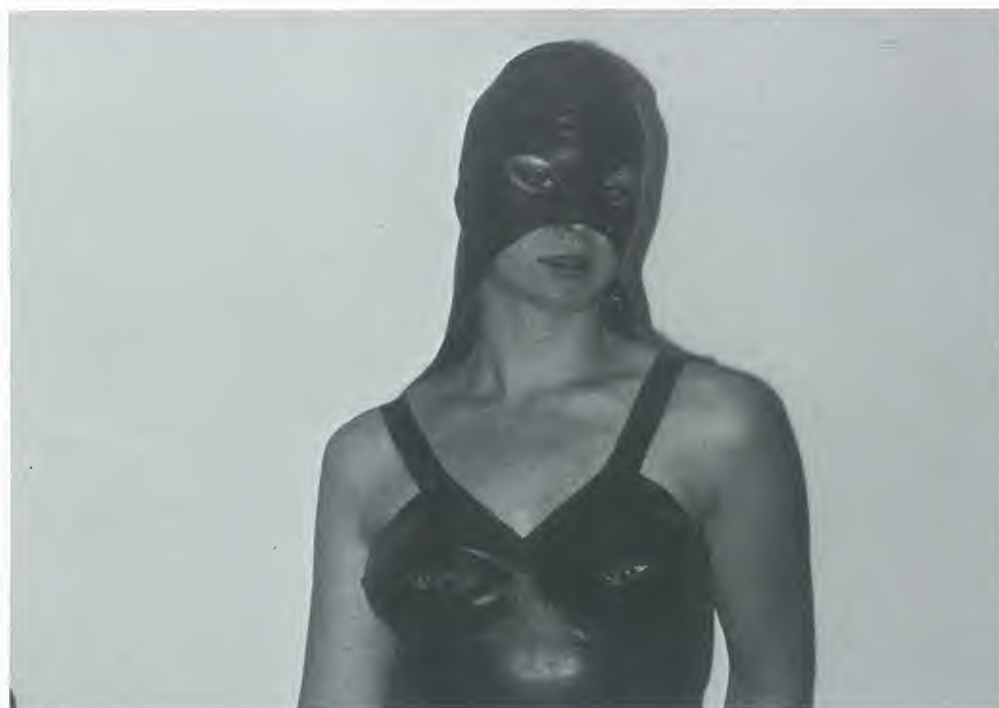


## THE LADY OF THE CHAINED ROSE

I'd like to introduce you to a very special lady. Her name is Sarah Foster Tate. She is the one you see in this fine book, bound and gagged in so many lovely ways; a gentle, very intelligent, sometimes formidable woman, a loving companion and a wonderful friend.

In an important sense, Sarah is a bondage enthusiast's dream: a woman naturally, creatively and totally drawn to all that bondage is. Not persuaded by money or a sense of obligation, not coaxed or cajoled. But willing! Eager to share in it for her own sake, her own delight. The perfect Fantasy Lady.

And whether she is presented as some svelte corsetted temptress or an arrogant Amazon princess, as a gym-clad, sneakered beauty or some vulnerable ingenue, Sarah's personality is perfectly suited to the task. She has so many faces, so many true and different



sides to her nature, she can be them all! It could be a moment of fun and laughter that is depicted, or of romance and high passion, or even of the bizarre and the outrageous - Sarah is capable of them all, ready to partake in them eagerly, with excitement and imagination.

To borrow Harmony's words, what you see here is a "Bondage Life" on show, a life that is otherwise most discreet and so full of grace and style. These pictures were not taken on request for a market or an audience. They were taken for a private pleasure, but - by logical extension since it is so good to share - also for the pleasure of anyone sensitive enough to appreciate her in such a state of surrender, for any of you who value the romance of bondage and have felt the temptation to win as well as capture what you prize most.

Sarah is not some clever actress imitating the real thing. There is no deception here. Every heart-melting look you see, every lingering display of emotion, is the result of the romance of bondage at work in her soul.

And just being bound and gagged is not enough. Never believe that it is. That special X factor - that quality we call *gehen* - has to be there! In the pictures you see here, we have waited for that magical crossover point to be reached, that moment when the subtle change has occurred within, when the bondage is inside and out.

These then are precious moments in an ongoing romance. For excellent reasons, Sarah and I choose to live apart, pursuing our various careers, each of us earning (and not just claiming) the companionship of the other. We do not try to possess the other's spirit, that would be like trying to hold quicksilver or snatch at sunlight. For now we share



deeply and richly, and we explore the mystery and romance of bondage together.

Yes, Sarah Foster Tate is very, very special. She is the only lady to whom I have given, just this May, on her birthday, the chained rose I have taken for my sign.

We were both delighted to share this book with you now, and hope that you will smile and nod and understand something of the incredible magic that has made it possible.

Good Fortune,

*Atrous*







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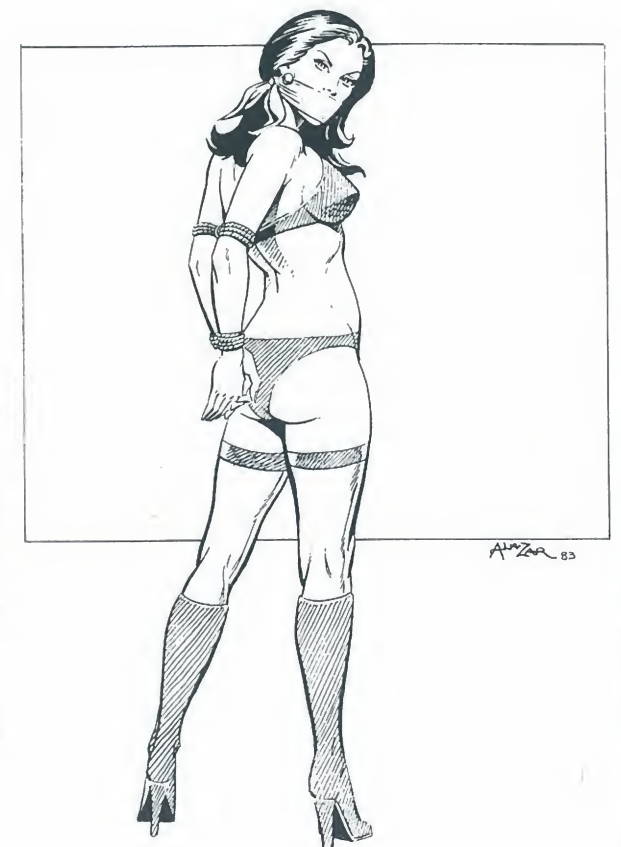
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"It constantly surprises me how much I enjoy wearing rubber. It's a very sensuous material, cool to touch — and it hugs the body in a way that nothing else does. I love the rustle of raincoats and the swinging fall they have. I love the second-skin sheen of tight rubber across the body, but most of all I love the sensation of my hot skin being slowly released, peeled, from a catsuit. It's just so erotic."



## THE REWARDS OF BONDAGE

I am a woman who adores to be bound, gagged and worshipped. I don't do it to be merely accommodating and I don't do it for a mere giggle, although the playfulness is one of the really nice bonuses.

When we first started taking bondage photographs, it just amazed me. I felt like I was doing all the pleasurable and naughty things that I ever wanted to do since I was a little girl. I found it hard to believe that something could affect me so totally, so thoroughly, and yet have been so unexpected to me. My experience with bondage has been teaching me things about myself that are important truths that I could never have realized. It has enhanced and encouraged my sexuality and my sensu-

ality. It was a surprise to find rubber wear not only exotic, but exciting. I had no idea that gagging could be an erotic trigger for me. And I never knew that ropes could hold you, pacify you, and then seduce you so out and out thoroughly.

And what woman hasn't dreamt of being so prized by a man, so protectively owned and loved? I believe it's one reason that a length of rope can transform a woman to beauty. It's the beauty that begins in the heart of the woman, when she learns she is worth such adoration. That kind of knowledge shows in your face and eyes, and in everything about you. It's a wonderful thing to feel, and I never feel as beautiful as I do when I am





bound. He may tell me that I am, but when I have surrendered to rope, I can actually *see* and experience his reactions to me. It becomes an irrevocable fact, not just nice sentiments. It's an experience that most women would like to have. But if the woman doesn't have a bondage man in her life, she will probably never feel anything near it. I know some women feel that the man's adoration is more for the rope, the bondage itself, than for the woman. But I know how untrue that is in my case and that's one of the joys of all this. That Atreus' and my reactions are honest and pure. And for each other. The rope is just the catalyst, but an important one.

My creative energies have found an outlet in bondage also. Not just in the artwork I produce, but usually in the design of costumes that Atreus and I devise together. Some have been mystical war huntresses, some have been virginal princesses and some have had that raunchy "Lady Of The Evening" feel. There's usually a look that's wanted, and the challenge is to create it from our existing wardrobes. And that done, the experience becomes an emotional one, as I wear the costume and become the part. That's a natural progression. Just as binding me has the power to change my thoughts and feelings so too, have the clothes I wear. It's a difficult thing to explain, but while wearing some of the more powerful costumes - the huntress, Morgwen, the Black King and the White King, I begin to feel the pride and the constrained strength of that character. Those feelings come out on film too. Even masked, you can't mistake the tilt of the head or the carriage of the body. The costumes do add to the experience becoming a part of the fantasy. It makes our bondage a different kind of experience for both of us every time.

My life is far richer as a result. I've had not only most gratifying experiences, as when meeting Jenny, and meeting Robyn, but some of the most amusing as well. Like being 'caught' while pursuing some outdoor photography. That's the sort of thing that tests your mettle, not to mention your sense of humour (and ability to think fast). I've had some fun at costume parties and created a great deal of curiosity and speculation with my striking black corsetry and black sequinned cape (a bondage-looking outfit if ever there was one!).

It's all been personally the most remarkable experience I've ever had. To suddenly find who and what you are and to feel the "rightness" of it all. There's no way I can convey to you what bondage has done and what it means to me. Better than any words I could give you, I think the photographs speak for themselves.

Sarah



"The bonds take all my strength away. They strip me back to my real self, the heart of woman inside me. I have no facades to hide behind, no words to defend me, nothing. I am my purest self then. Vulnerable, dependent, sometimes sexy and mischievous because it's what I am, and there's nowhere, no way to hide that."





"When I first saw a picture of myself bound and gagged, I thought: 'My God! There's pleasure shining in my eyes, a truth exposed about the real me!' I was really fascinated. I knew there was a lot more to bondage than just being tied up and gagged. It had touched my soul, did things deep down in the psyche of me."



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#### ABOUT BONDAGE PHOTO TREASURES:

The Harmony magazine that moves forward by presenting contemporary bondage pictures while keeping an eye on the past (for those who may have missed something especially tasty back in the long-ago). A truly interesting and moody magazine designed especially for bondage collectors who need to have seen it all.

#### ABOUT BONDAGE PARADE:

This magazine is truly "Bondage Life" without "Tielines" and "Bound for Hollywood." So if "Bondage Life" is a must for you, then so is "Bondage Parade," the magazine that is almost completely "By The People" and conveys a sense of how everyone else feels about bondage (and how everyone else looks in bondage). Probably the second finest bondage publication in the world today.

#### ABOUT BEAUTIFUL BONDAGE SCENES:

Soft visual fantasizations of "Love Bondage." New and unpublished "Damsels in Distress" pictures from Harmony and independent bondagers. The Harmony "Bound Beauties" on parade, mostly in lingerie bondage. Little if any text— but a generous assortment of pictures of the prettiest bondage models in the world today.





"Our bondage tended to be rather impromptu at first. A costume might be worked out and waiting, but it would be spur of the moment as to when I actually wore it and submitted to the ropes. There was never time to be too detailed about it, the richness of the moment was far more important. Sometimes I'd step straight from the bath, and sometimes straight from the bed . . . The early photos may be a little less polished, but it was a lot of fun then, and it's still a lot of fun now."





## BONDAGE DIARY: HOUSEBOAT WEEKEND

It's marvelous fun to play bondage games out of doors. When Sarah and I went on a houseboat weekend recently on the Hawkesbury River near Sydney, we were able to spend some lovely hours with her in bondage in the open air.

These and some other photos were taken on a somewhat busy waterway, with speedboats darting past, and I'm sure we drew quite a few stares. Sarah, as you can see, posed on the roof-deck, wearing a gym-nymph outfit of bra and panties, white corset, stockings, white socks and tennis shoes - and a snug white bathing-cap. First, I got her sitting while we worked up courage, her wrists bound behind her, feet tied together, and a tight cloth gag between her teeth. Sarah's smiles indicate her reaction to any onlookers. The whole experience was very playful. Soon we were away from the other boats - but I made Sarah endure that tight rubber cap for quite some time, sitting and standing as our pictures show. "Atreus"







"It's strange to realise just how much the act of being tied fills my soul. For Atreus and I, it has become a focus of creativity, of fantasies within fantasies. A mystique that we don't unravel, but richly employ. And it's not something we work at, but something borne by our similar natures, the myths of our hearts sparked by the sexuality that bondage brings, and the beauty."







## BONDAGE DIARY: NURSE IN BONDAGE!

The nurse in Bondage fantasy is a very special one indeed, and it's nice to finally have Sarah kitted up for the Surgery, the quiet hospital ward and the operating theatre, getting herself into several lovely predicaments. What a pity we don't have access to actual hospital premises so these pictures could have the right background — maybe another time! For now, having the Nurse in Bondage part filled is enough, a very good start.

As you can see from our pictures, Sarah gets to be a *Rubber Nurse* in her hospital ward debut. She wears the proper white uniform and cap, turned-down white ankle socks and white tennis sneakers, but wears shiny black rubber stockings with her suspender-belt and has on those striking long red rubber gloves that I'm sure would set quite a few patients' hearts to thumping when she whispered into the waiting room. There's something about the crisp white medical uniform and the shiny tight-fitting rubber that has a no-nonsense "let's get down to it!" feel about it, a real ready-for-action look.

In no time at all, I had my vivacious Nurse all bound up, wrists tied in front, arms pinned to her sides, ankles snugly lashed together. Our favorite rubber ball went into her mouth as the first stage of her gag — for a Nurse I guess it has to be rubber and adhesive tape and Ace bandages. I wished I had lots of rubber tubing at the time, so I could really strap her up. Thin tubing grips and applies a lot of pressure, so much that it really shouldn't be used for longer bondage sessions. I used plain white cord. Over the rubber ball in her mouth I pressed strips of tape, smoothed firmly out over the cheeks so there was no chance of getting rid of that mouthful of ball unassisted.



After some different poses, it was time to get my Nurse ready for her appearance in the operating theater (this is where she gets to be both Nurse and Patient! The one who gets operated on, if you get my drift!) Over her rubber ball-gag I placed a single strip of tape, then a tight white latex rubber "surgical mask" stretched over that only her eyes showed. It was wonderful to look into those lovely eyes and know that under that sexy rubber mask her mouth was completely gagged. You can see the effect afterwards when her rubber mask has been pulled down.



"One time I went into the city by bus and all the way I had a small red rubber ball inside my mouth. I could smile, even show my teeth, but I couldn't say a word. The ball was there, gagging me, and no-one could see it. I sat with my ankles and knees close together and my wrists tangled in the straps of my hand-bag as if bound. It was terribly exciting."



After consultation hours and surgery, it was necessary to get my darling ready for examination by a specialist. Visiting hours are over, the wards are all quiet, and here is poor Nurse Foster all bound and helpless, at the mercy of some eager young intern. Now

Sarah's wrists are bound behind her back, still in their smooth shoulder-length gloves, and her ankles are crossed and tied. Now a thick folded wad of cloth has been jammed between her teeth, and a length of that fiendish rubber tubing used to make sure it stays

firmly in place, stifling all cries she might make. No way could she dislodge that gag. You'll all be pleased to know that the examination was carried out in a proficient and loving manner and that it was an unqualified success!



## MADONNA IN THE AFTERNOON

Sarah is the Madonna, the Gioconda, some demure and fabulous lamia reclining on an Autumn afternoon, soft light streaming into her bower, her boudoir, her sitting-room and conservatory.

She contemplates the hour, her own loveliness reflected in a dozen mirrors, her dreams and fantasies growing in her breast. She regards herself, her untouchable aloofness, delighting in the mystery she creates. She finds joy in the secret desires burning inside her. She aches to be possessed and won.

Quietly she watches. She notes the reds and soft blues, the greens and shimmering reflections of crystal and lacquered surfaces. She feels her body inside the tight red corset, the stockings, her neatly laced and ribboned high-heels.

Then her fantasy comes true. She emerges from her reveries to discover she is bound, her long gloved arms pulled back behind her and roped together, her wrists crossed and tied. She looks down at the silken cords that cross and re-cross her breasts, pinning her arms in a firm and intimate embrace. Her tongue discovers the tight white gag that is tied in her mouth, keeping her jaws apart.

She twists and turns. What is happening? How did this happen? Bound and gagged! It is incredible; her fantasy come to life. Feeling exposed, caught out, the lamia struggles to no avail.

Suddenly there is more! Her ankles are tied. It is like some broken dream — one moment waking to discover this, the next a languid interlude followed by some new discovery. Her bound ankles, for instance!







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Where will it end? That is the question coursing through the lady's mind. Her heart beats faster and faster. Under her breast lifting and filling under the tight ropes. There are changes elsewhere too; alarming changes, betraying changes!



The lady struggles, desperate now. She knows she could slip off into a trance again, lost in the looking-glasses around her and the soft warmth of the soothing afternoon light, in the strange quietness of the hour.

What would happen then? She is worried. Will she awaken then to find herself bound down on her bed, spreadeagled to the four oaken posts? She struggles at the thought of it. Where will it end?



When she awakens, the ropes, the gag, all gone. She catches her breath. Her heart is pounding madly. She finds she is wet. She lifts a hand to her throat.

It was a dream. It had to be a dream. On such a lazy afternoon she had no doubt fallen into a deep sleep.

She settles back in the cushions, relieved. a smile crosses her lips. She feels herself beginning to drowse again. Let it come, she decides, and drifts off into her next dream, her next moment of longing and desire.









## CAP-GAGGING!

In this lot of pictures, Sarah demonstrates the noble art of using bathing caps for gagging, a practice — I like to think — that must have sprung up quite spontaneously in the great seaside resorts of the world.

The moment the rubber cap became a familiar item of close-fitting feminine apparel, intimately connected with the swimsuit, it no doubt gave rise to a new glamor fixation. These swimcaps, after all, gave ladies that svelte, shaven appearance, helping to further streamline their lithe forms, adding to the sensuous balance of smooth curves. In no time at all, the sight of a woman in a cap, with the flowing locks that are such a proven element of feminine beauty shut away, meant action!! Somewhere in there is the image of capped, swimsuited forms, wet and shiny under the sun, so many delightful naiads leaping playfully about in the waves.

It only stands to reason that, here and there, now and then, a boyfriend, fiancé or husband would have felt the desire to possess such a nymph, to capture her and peel off her wet tightly-clinging bathing suit, to free her hair from that tight concealing cap. There must have been — somewhere — bathing beauties lying on the sand or behind the boatshed, some with their wrists bound (possibly with their own swimsuits), some with their caps stuffed in their mouths as gags so as to not attract passers-by.

Naturally, I don't know how fanciful all of this is, but I have always loved it when bathing caps have made an appearance in bondage situations. Sarah understands this attraction completely. She has enjoyed seeing the different drawings from PDH and your other bathing cap artist in the past issues of *Bondage Life*, and needed no persuasion at all to stage this present demonstration.

First of all — most appropriately — Sarah wears one of our favorite caps, a snug white rubber number complete with chin-strap. Somehow this seemed a compulsory item for what we were about to do. Then, in the next picture, we see her about to place a folded up rubber cap (of the thin racing kind) into her mouth. It makes a soft pad that's very easy on the mouth. Two or more caps folded together this way are even more effective; we use just the one here because Sarah's cap-gag is to be made up of several stages as it is.

When the pad is in place, Sarah takes a latex bandage strip cut down from another racing cap and ties this over the soft mouth pad — pulling it back between her teeth and deeply into her mouth, then knotting it at the back of her head. This is where the swimming cap Sarah is wearing makes things easier. Though the rubber is powdered slightly to prevent pinching and pulling of the hair, having a cap to keep the hair out of the way altogether is a blessing.

Sarah then takes up another strap-on bath-



"I've been gagged with everything from a plain cloth to my own hair or underwear, from a rubber ball and adhesive tape to the toe of a lady's white sneaker. I just love being gagged."

ing cap — this time a Jantzen "diving-girl" type from England — and folds that up as a thick spongy pad, holding it across her already gagged mouth. Over that is tied another strip from a cut-down racing cap to hold this second much-thicker pad in place, forcing the first pad even deeper into her mouth.

Nor does it end there. Though Sarah is quite heavily gagged at this point, another step remains. Many bathing-caps are made

of quite fragrant rubber, and as Sarah has come to enjoy the smell of a cap as well as its look and feel, the final stage of her gag involves bringing another cap *up* over her lower face (much the same as your Indiana reader depicts in his lovely drawings), using the chin-strap to help fix it there. Sarah then gathers the loose bowl of the cap in against her face to create a sort of "surgeon's mask" effect; the soft folded rubber skin muffles her

even further but allows her to breathe quite easily. A white handkerchief is tied over this, completing the elaborate cap-gag.

By this time, articulate speech is out of the question. Sarah is already wearing white socks and tennis shoes; in the last shot, her hands have been bound behind her back with soft cord. Now she is ready for some quiet moments of relaxation!

*Atreus*



"I do love being gagged, and that's an honest reaction. Sometimes I stand there fully bound, excited — just waiting for the gag to fill my mouth. I never feel properly bound until I am gagged, and it gives me a thrill when it's placed in position, almost every time. It's a very deep excitement that makes me tingle and sends me breathless. I can't describe it."





## SARAH IN TENNIS BONDAGE

Ah, the impact on my senses of a lovely lady in a crisp white tennis dress, in knee-length white tennis socks and new slim-fitting white tennis shoes.

And bondage!

Here is Sarah wearing a tennis outfit that is not exactly your modern style of tennis fashion - none of the pastels and dark tones and fancy sneakers worn with sockettes. This is more your traditional British-style all-white pristine affair, accentuating femininity *and* that (illusory) innocence women used to exploit so well. But let a pretty lady walk on the court like this today and the effect would still be there - the men would lock in on it very quickly.

Why does a woman all in white continue to work so effectively?

Here we have Sarah tightly gagged and with her wrists bound behind her back, just for starters. Next, her arms are done and her elbows drawn closely together behind her back, making her breasts lift beautifully under her tennis dress. Then it's her legs and ankles, and a whole bunch of pictures taken of her bound up this way as my tennis captive.



"Atreus loves seeing me dressed for tennis. A simple white tennis outfit is his all-time favorite choice for bondage-wear. Almost every other bondage adventure has me wearing a tennis dress, with tennis socks and shiny new white tennis sneakers; or cheerleader outfit or gym uniform of some kind — but always with the white sneakers he loves so much. Occasionally, I'll wear a bathing suit and a rubber bathing-cap instead of a tennis dress: items I have come to regard as true slave gear!"



From those lovely kneeling poses, we progressed to a lying position for a hogtie -not to strict, but certainly nothing to escape from in a hurry. Sarah's tennis dress is drawn up over her buttocks adding to the indignity of the situation in our final pictures.



"Being bound sometimes creates an incredible sense of peace, which is hard to explain. A passivity that makes you just lay there, while the sensation washes over you, and all around you. It's a soothing feeling. And afterwards, I always feel as if some inner part of me, some secret part —has been healed."

I'm sure my fellow readers will forgive me if these photos of the lovely Sarah as a Lady Diver are idealized somewhat. A frogwoman usually wears a different sort of rubber suit entirely - a much heavier, thicker neoprene rubber - but I'm taking the special license granted such fantasists as ourselves. Once in a while it's nice to throw over realism for a more glamorous alternative. In short, while I have several lady's rubber diving suits I could have used to transform Sarah into a buxom sea-bound adventuress, I have preferred to use a thinner sleeker latex rubber "diving suit." It clings more.

I'm always reminded of the cartoon strip "Peril of the Skin Diver" by ENEG that was published by Nutrix way back when (and which there's a scene from on that facsimile page in Harmony's the Irving Klaw Years, Volume 1, page 76). If anyone has a copy of this ENEG strip, I'd love to see it! It seems to have the all-girl crew of a ship being abducted and bound and gagged by a band of scuba-clad frogwomen - sleek, big-breasted mermaids wearing shiny rubber suits; hooded, masked and gloved in the same clinging black rubber in an appropriately sub-aquatic manner...but, wait for it!, wearing high heels!

Naturally, when you're in the fantasy business, you allow such things. You can't have these gleaming undersea sirens flopping around the deck in swim-fins now can you? And being flat-footed would spoil the leg-line, wouldn't it? So, high heels, or close-fitting black high-heeled rubber boots, whatever those ENEG gals are wearing for their version of Sea Hunt. Some of you will be thinking: well, if you've got to have your women looking like slippery seals or aliens from another planet, the least you can do is make them a little glamor conscious. That's what fantasy is all about, allowing these little liberties.

I'm going about it a different way. I had



some pictures of Bobby appear in Bondage Life 10 as my very own skin-diver, and went on about how real-life scuba accessories make great bondage aids. The wetsuit itself for a start. It's tight, constricting, and does much for creating the mental attitude of being made captive as the ropes and tape that were used to put Bobby in bondage. She admitted this. Then there was my old favorite, the bathing-cap, pulled tightly over the hair - more imprisonment, more constriction. Then the snorkel - thrust in the lady's mouth and taped there. Speech can't happen, all sounds are actually quite disgusting. When women discover this, they soon stop making noises altogether; it's too much like something else entirely! The face mask - when it mists up - becomes a good blindfold and also forces your mermaid to breathe through the snorkel-gag.

So now it's time to go "skin-diving" again. And Sarah gets to be Esther Williams, my bondage mermaid. She put on the rubber suit while I watched, then took her snorkel, face-mask, bathing-cap and flippers into the living-room. First, I just did a little pre-diving bondage with her: her wrists bound, her feet crossed and tied, a white gag in her mouth -all her diving accoutrements on hand for the final transformation into the Lady Diver. These pictures were to help Sarah psyche up even more (not that this was needed, mind you, just putting on the rubber suit had done that).





Then Sarah finished suiting up. She pulled the thick black rubber cap over her hair, put on the face-mask so it was on her forehead, put the swim fins on her feet. She had already zipped the suit right up at the front so the black rubber was deliciously taut on her breasts. Again, I bound her hand and foot and tied the gag back in her mouth for more photographs and some slow hand-play over her body. The fins were not just for authenticity, but, as with the snorkel, mask and cap, added just that bit more to the sensation of helplessness.

I left Sarah done up like that for awhile, then proceeded to what we might call "active" status - the lady all ready for the bondage dive itself. The mouthpiece of the snorkel went into her mouth, her lips closed around it, strips of elastoplast sealed the suggestive black rubber tube in place. I added more ropes to the girl's body, around her arms and crossing her lovely smooth breasts.

Then, finally, down came the mask over her pretty face, so that almost none of her body was visible. She was transformed; a black rubber mermaid - something straight out of a much-loved personal fantasy, a helpless Lady Diver, all ready for her debut in "20,000 Teases Under the Sea," or "Fantastic Voyage," or "Teaser From The Black Lagoon" or "Sea Hunted."

I hope that you find my diver a very beautiful adornment to any ocean expedition,

Sincerely,  
Atreus

P.S. My diver sends her greetings:  
'Mggghh...mmmghhhhhh!!!'



"I didn't know that bondage would hold something special for me until I was actually tied, and felt what I did — but prior to that, I was fascinated by the cover of BL7. It was on sale at the bookshop where I worked at the time, and I found myself being drawn to it, going back to it again and again. There was something in Jennifer's expression — her eyes, that seemed to say something to me. I didn't know what it was, but I felt a curiosity, stirring. That was the real beginning for me."





"On occasion Atreus plans to shoot only a limited amount of film, one or two rolls at most. But when he sees me bound and gagged and so deeply affected by what is happening to me, he ends up taking twice as many. He says it's my fault, but actually he's the one responsible. Being bound and gagged affects me so much that I just respond naturally. Then he just responds naturally, then I respond, etc., etc."





"Whatever we do is in some way a celebration of my femininity. Even when I am in the tightest bondage, trussed, corseted, hogtied, gagged with packing and a tight scarf between my teeth, it has been with my consent. I must give myself to him, and once I have done that I have surrendered my choice. I am his. I have entrusted myself to him. Needless to say, he has never abused that trust."





